

526 Farnham, bet. 10th and 11th Streets

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: 1 Copy 1 year, in advance, postpaid, \$6.00

TIME TABLES

THE MAI LS. C. N. & N. P. R. R. 11 a. m., 11 p. m.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

UNION PACIFIC. Daily Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

TIME CARD OF THE BURLINGTON

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

Express, 11:15 a. m., 11:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC

OMAHA BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ART EMPORIUMS

J. C. ROBERTS, Art Emporium, 1416 Dodge Street

ABSTRACT AND REAL ESTATE

JOHN H. BUCKLE, Opposite postoffice, 11th St.

ARCHITECTS

DUPRENEAU & SONS, ARCHITECTS, 11th St.

BOOKS, NEWS AND STATIONERY

J. J. FREUDLIGER, 11th St. Farnham Street.

B. TIER AND EDCS.

MOSKOW & SCHROEDER, 11th St. Farnham Street.

CENTRAL BOARDING

RESTAURANT

TRACING A MURDERER.

A man was standing one day, with a kind of unoccupied air, a few steps from the door of the telegraph office, on Second street, Sacramento.

What was remarkable about him was, that there was nothing remarkable about him at all, by the casual eye.

He was a man of very ordinary appearance, of ordinary size, of ordinary complexion, with an ordinary face, and especially an ordinary eye.

He stood with his hands idly down into the pockets of a long, loose coat, as they had dropped there themselves, and he had not taken the trouble to pull them out, and he seemed to be neither thinking of, caring about, nor looking at anything.

A boy messenger came tripping out of the telegraph office, taking two or three steps at once, as it has been handsomely expressed, and happening to see the uninterested man, whom he had seen before, he stopped short and said:

"Oh, here's one for you; I suppose I might as well give it to you here. You're Mr. Black?"

The man did not say that he was, or that he wasn't, but quietly reached for the dispatch, and the boy handed him and hurried on.

Then Mr. Black, with a deliberation that would have been fairly adequate to any one looking over his shoulder, unfolded the paper and read:

MARSHVILLE, June 20, 18— To Mr. William Black, Police Department, Sacramento.

An atrocious murder has just been discovered here. A woman, named Mrs. Wolf, was the victim. Her husband is suspected and in custody, but no evidence against him. Hasten to see the first boat, while all is fresh. I have a letter, Sheriff of Yuba Co. William Black was a Sacramento detective, and at the time undoubtedly the most sagacious in California.

The boat was to leave Marshville in a little over an hour. Mr. Black entered the telegraph office, and dispatched the sheriff of Yuba county this morning, "all right."

This evening a man with a red shirt on—a man of very ordinary appearance—landed in Marshville. He was a miner of course, if one may judge by indications; but he had a lazy look, as if weighed down by a weight of energy; and a person might have wondered if ever such a person did pick up enough courage to climb the mountains.

The same lazy-looking man, later in the evening, was in secret communication with the sheriff and several other officials.

"At what hour was the murder discovered?" he asked.

"At nine o'clock this morning—exactly."

"In what way?"

"The news came through her husband. He rushed through the town, and a saloon on the edge of the town, and saying that his wife was dead, and some one had killed her. They had lately come from the mine, and were living in a tent of their own, a quarter of a mile out of town. We will conduct you to it by and by."

"A physician has made an examination."

"Yes; a skilled one. He says it is clear that the woman was murdered—strangled to death by a pair of coarse hands in the way in which he found on her throat."

"Did he say how long she had been dead?"

"Not many hours."

"What did he say?"

"That he did not sleep at home. He says he was drunk last night, and he had to go to bed, and that, being unable to reach home, he laid down under a tree, between her and his home, and slept soundly. When he awoke, according to the story, it was nearly 9 o'clock. He got up, hastened to his tent, found his wife dead, and he was some feet from an attempt to make to reach him, in fact that he had the body of his wife, but there's no positive proof; and the case needs working up."

"What makes you think he did it?"

"Various suspicious circumstances. His unlikely story of having slept all night, when within a few hundred yards of his temporary home and not waking before 9 o'clock."

"Did they quarrel?"

"It is not known that they had, but well, they were man and wife, and we might as well presume that they had."

"Were there no traces of a stranger left?"

"No, except a thread—a shirt-button—a hair."

"No."

"No. The ground is so dry and hard you know."

"Has any stranger been lurking in the neighborhood?"

"No. Has any stranger been in town?"

"Well, we have miners down by the mountains every day—but it was none of them."

"You might arrest and detain any suspicious looking person found in the neighborhood—always remembering that he is innocent."

The conference thus ended.

Next morning a fresh miner made his appearance at Pine Camp, about fifteen miles north of Marshville. He was a very lazy-looking man. He lounged about from point to point, gossiping with the miners, bothering them at their work. Some thought he was half idiot. He stopped and talked with groups here and there, and asked questions about the best place to locate them. He was green. Then he told them a terrible piece of news—a woman had been found murdered at Marshville. Her name was Wolf. Her husband done it. It was thought—in fact, there was no doubt of it. The suspicion. That was no news. It had been the talk of the camp for twenty-four hours.

"Then you know it yesterday?"

"He went from claim to claim, spoke to everybody, and asked particulars about the mining prospects, mentioned the murder, actually informed them of it as news."

"Why, old fellow," said one, "you were asleep. You're a day behind the age."

"The slow creature was a little nettled."

"A day, yes, no," replied one of the miners, working away.

"A day is twenty-four hours," remarked the stupid man, sarcastically.

"Well, 's'pose it is."

"Then you haven't known of it a day. You're smart, I admit; but not that smart."

"Well, 's'pose it is?"

"You'll give me a further trouble?"

"And give me the further trouble?"

"The dread of being lynched had a mighty influence on him."

"See that you keep your word, him. And mind, if by any chance, Marshville, you should see such a man, I will shoot you down."

And he allowed him to get up, taking care to maintain his grasp upon his wits as he went.

But the scoundrel had already attracted attention, and the miners came running up from all directions.

"What's the matter?"

"A score of them asked."

They saw by the handcuffs on Long's wrists that one belonging to their camp was arrested, and an officer merely shouting, "some one in a little more to see him, their first thought was to rescue him."

"He shan't go!" shouted one. "Release him!" added another.

"Let him take me," pleaded Dave Long.

The crowd began to close in.

"Stand back," thundered the detective, his revolver in hand.

An officer, from Sacramento, and this is my prisoner. If any man dares to interfere I will shoot him down as he would a dog."

Although threats of bullets were not made in those days, the fearless bearing of the officer, who stood firmly grasping the arm of the man, and the way in which he was opposing a hundred reckless men, hid its effect, and they stood, undecided. Taking advantage of the momentary truce, Black hurriedly whispered to his prisoner:

"If you don't tell them not to interfere, and that you've concluded to let them take me, I'll hang you, then they will take you."

"Never mind. I'll—I'll be back in a few minutes. I'll be back before long and tell you all about it."

So the detective was allowed to depart, and the man was taken to the jail.

Two of Long's men accompanied them, and the culprit was lodged in Marshville that night, while the arrested woman's husband was released.

An effort was made by the authorities to keep the matter quiet for a few days, but it leaked out, and the angry populace did not wait for the law's slow vengeance.

On the following Friday night, July 20, the man who was taken to the jail, and who had been a miner and a large tree branch brought overhauled the scene of the crime.

At this last moment, with the noise around his neck, he confessed his guilt and died praying for mercy.

Just outside in Louisiana.

NEW YORK, June 20.—The amount paid for jute imported into the United States for the year ending June 30, 1880, was \$7,000,000.

It is an annual plant of the order Malvaceae, and of the genus Corchorus capillaris. It is from one-half inch to one inch in diameter, grows to the height of ten or twelve feet, is very straight, and has a few small, lanceolate leaves, which are treated, lanceolate leaves, about six inches long and nearly two inches wide.

The bowers have five sepals and five petals, and are very numerous, but they have only one stamen. The bark is fibrous, like that of hemp or flax, and is very fine—that is, capable of minute subdivision.

It is used for making rope and cordage, and is also used for making paper. It is a native of India, and is cultivated in Egypt and Syria.

The corchorus olitorius is cultivated as a pot-herb. The American linen or flax never does so well as the Egyptian flax. It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb.

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"L-let me up," he faltered, "and I'll go with you."

"And give me the further trouble?"

"The dread of being lynched had a mighty influence on him."

"See that you keep your word, him. And mind, if by any chance, Marshville, you should see such a man, I will shoot you down."

And he allowed him to get up, taking care to maintain his grasp upon his wits as he went.

But the scoundrel had already attracted attention, and the miners came running up from all directions.

"What's the matter?"

"A score of them asked."

They saw by the handcuffs on Long's wrists that one belonging to their camp was arrested, and an officer merely shouting, "some one in a little more to see him, their first thought was to rescue him."

"He shan't go!" shouted one. "Release him!" added another.

"Let him take me," pleaded Dave Long.

The crowd began to close in.

"Stand back," thundered the detective, his revolver in hand.

An officer, from Sacramento, and this is my prisoner. If any man dares to interfere I will shoot him down as he would a dog."

Although threats of bullets were not made in those days, the fearless bearing of the officer, who stood firmly grasping the arm of the man, and the way in which he was opposing a hundred reckless men, hid its effect, and they stood, undecided. Taking advantage of the momentary truce, Black hurriedly whispered to his prisoner:

"If you don't tell them not to interfere, and that you've concluded to let them take me, I'll hang you, then they will take you."

"Never mind. I'll—I'll be back in a few minutes. I'll be back before long and tell you all about it."

So the detective was allowed to depart, and the man was taken to the jail.

Two of Long's men accompanied them, and the culprit was lodged in Marshville that night, while the arrested woman's husband was released.

An effort was made by the authorities to keep the matter quiet for a few days, but it leaked out, and the angry populace did not wait for the law's slow vengeance.

On the following Friday night, July 20, the man who was taken to the jail, and who had been a miner and a large tree branch brought overhauled the scene of the crime.

At this last moment, with the noise around his neck, he confessed his guilt and died praying for mercy.

Just outside in Louisiana.

NEW YORK, June 20.—The amount paid for jute imported into the United States for the year ending June 30, 1880, was \$7,000,000.

It is an annual plant of the order Malvaceae, and of the genus Corchorus capillaris. It is from one-half inch to one inch in diameter, grows to the height of ten or twelve feet, is very straight, and has a few small, lanceolate leaves, which are treated, lanceolate leaves, about six inches long and nearly two inches wide.

The bowers have five sepals and five petals, and are very numerous, but they have only one stamen. The bark is fibrous, like that of hemp or flax, and is very fine—that is, capable of minute subdivision.

It is used for making rope and cordage, and is also used for making paper. It is a native of India, and is cultivated in Egypt and Syria.

The corchorus olitorius is cultivated as a pot-herb. The American linen or flax never does so well as the Egyptian flax. It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb.

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the most favorable representative of the order to which jute belongs, and the renowned honey of the order is cultivated as a pot-herb."

"It is the